A REVIEW OF THE STATE OF THE BRITISH NATION.

Thursday, July 14. 1709.

WHile I have been arguing for our encouraging and ſettling the poor *Palatines* among us, I have had the Honour to receive the following Letter from an unknown nameleſs Perſon, a wonderful Friend to our *North-Britiſh* Brethren, no doubt he is, and a particular Friend to be ſure to his own Country, from whence he is for ſending away ſome of thoſe, that in Point of Wealth and Strength have been a conſiderable Part of the Support, both of Trade at home, and War abroad——And without whom, he and all his Party would have found it hard enough to have carry'd on the War to ſuch a Height, as we have now happily ſeen it.

Mr. REVIEW,

YOU have ſpent a great Deal of Time to perſwade the World into an Opinion of the Advantages of filling us with Vagabonds, *and raking all* Germany *for Beggars, according to the natural Conſequence of the late popular* Law of Naturalization——*But among* your wiſe Propoſals, *you have forgotten two, which I more eſpecially ſend you,* becauſe *they relate very much to* Scotland, *for whoſe* Presbyterian Grandeur *you have a particular Veneration, and are therefore become their famous Advocate and Defender*——

FIRST, *If it be ſo great an Advantage to plant People in a Nation,* why do you not propoſe *ſending theſe Droves of Rogues to* Scotland,

Scotland, *where there is Land enough to plant upon, and where they* can't ſtarve the Inhabitants, *for they live in a Condition to* ſtarve any Body that ſhall venture to come among them, *and where they ſhall never want* Hunger, Cold, Diſeaſe, barren Lands, and ſmoaky Cabbins, *to comfort them in their Exile*——— SECONDLY, *If this Project cannot take Effect*—*Then*, I humbly propoſe to your EXCELLENCE, *that you would move to tranſplant two or three hundred Thouſand* of our Phanaticks here, *that continually embroil us with* Faction, Hypocriſie, and Plots, *againſt the beſt Government, and the beſt eſtabliſh'd Church in the World*; and in their Room *we will be content to take in theſe poor naked Wretches*; *for any thing will do better among us, than ſuch a Brood that are every Day undermining us*; and beſides *theſe People here, who are nurs'd with the Milk of Diſſention, and have the Blood of Treaſon and Enthuſiaſm flowing in their Veins, would fill your* FAVOURITE KIRK *with ſo many* Factions, Schiſms, Breaches, and Diviſions, *that they would the ſooner deſtroy one another, and of Courſe bring about the Bleſſed* Union *of Chriſtian Uniformity, which has been ſo long in vain wiſh'd and pray'd for.*

Pray, conſider of it.

Yours, &c.

This is a rare Fellow, I warrant you, and had obtain'd no Place in this Paper, but to let the World ſee; . The Temper; And, 2. The Politicks of ſome People among us, and to what Purpoſe it is to argue with them.

And yet one thing this excellent ſpirited Gentleman diſcovers, which Mr. *Dryden* charg'd upon an ill grounded Satyr once, *Viz. Much Malice mingled with a little Wit*; and to detect this, it is that I ſay any thing to this Letter.

It is evident enough, what Diſpoſition the Party here have to our new united Friends in *Scotland*—And I need not go far for infinite Teſtimonies of it on all Occaſions—— The Miſrepreſentations of their late Treatment of the *Non-juring* Clergy falſly call'd Perſecution of Epiſcopacy, the innumerable Affronts upon all Occaſions offer'd to the Presbyterian Eſtabliſh'd Church there, and to the *Scots* Nation in general; whether reſpecting the Country, or its Inhabitants, are pregnant Inſtances of their MUCH MALICE; as to their LITTLE WIT, it appears in the pointleſs Satyrs made on theſe Occaſions, in which are diſcover'd the groſſeſt Ignorance of theſe Gentlemen, in Relation to the People, the Commerce, the Navigation, the Climate, the Soil, the Way of Living, and almoſt every Thing elſe, as well as the Religion of *Scotland*.

To hear our People ſpeak of *Scotland*, or of the *Scots* Affairs, or People, it would make a Stranger think, that this ſame Place call'd *Scotland* was ſome remote Country in the *Eaſt-Indies*, or about *Madagaſcar*, or ſome Iſland in the *Fretum Magellanicum*, the *North-Weſt* Paſſages, the *South* Seas, or ſomewhere very unfrequented, where very few People ever came, and from whence, *like our News from* Muſcovy, Things were very uncertainly related, and our Accounts from thence very little to be depended upon.

The learned Gentlemen of this Party, tho' ſkill'd in Hiſtory, Maſters of Geography, and have ſeen great Part of the World in their Travels, they'll tell you, that *Scotland* is a barren, uncultivated, deſolate Country; that the Land is all barren, and will hardly maintain the People that live there——— Nay, they will very learnedly aſk ſometimes, if there is any Mutton, or any Beef, or any Butter, or any ſuch thing as Milk in *Scotland*——— The *Highlanders* they take to be a Sort of Monſters, and aſk, if they live upon Roots and the Bark of the Trees—— Never was more wild Notions in the Heads of our People here, of the *Caribbees* in the Gulph of *Florida*, and the Iſlands of the Gulph of *Mexico*—or of the brutiſh People of the *Cape de Bonne Eſperance*, than they have of this People——Nay, one but the other Day, who is a Man of Letters, and a Man of Hiſtory, ſeriouſly and for real Information, aſk'd me, what Sort of Speech the *Scots* Tongue was, for that he had never met with any Books of it——— Another aſk'd me as ſeriouſly, being a Merchant, where the *Scots* fetch'd their Corn before the Union, and what they had to buy it with.

I could add a great many such as these, as the constant Result of the most profound and mysterial Ignorance, that ever was yet found among among a knowing People, *such as we pretend to be*——From all which I see a great Deal of Room to confirm the first Maxim I laid down to my self, when I had begun to enquire of, and consider *Scotland*, its People and Circumstances, Viz. *That there are not in the whole World two Nations, that stand so near, have so much Concern with and Interest in each other, that know so little of one another, as these two.*

But to come back to our Proposer—— And first for his sending the poor *Palatines* into *Scotland*, and to plant them, which he calls starving them, there-*Here I shall tell him*, 1. If their Lot had been cast there, they would have been much civiler treated there, than they are like to be here—— If they had gone to the Fields to work in their Harvest, they would not have been kick'd and abus'd, and driven from their Labour. —If a poor Man of them had been hir'd to carry a Burthen, he would not have it pull'd off from his Back in the Streets, and Himself thrown down into the Kennel under his Load, as I have seen done here, to the Shame and eternal Reproach of our National Temper. No, Gentlemen, if the *Scots* want Money, I must tell you, they do not want Manners; and one Piece of Humanity they are Masters of, *which you with all your boasted Improvements*, are without, and that is, Courtesie to Strangers, in which they out-do even the *French* themselves. *But this by the way.*

2. Neither would they have been in Danger of starving in *Scotland*—And here I must note for the Information of our Pretenders to Knowledge, that *Scotland* really is so far from starving her Inhabitants from any real Defect of the Land—that it cannot really be call'd a barren Soil—— The Defect of *Scotland* is from the Want of Application to the Land, by Management and right Cultivation, enclosing and improving—Not for Want of the Land making a suitable Return of Profit and Advantage to the Industrious Husband-man, when he has done.

Trouble not your selves then about the Poverty of *Scotland*, and the Sterility of the Soil——Send twenty Thousand People thither, when you will, that are vers'd in Husbandry, planting, enclosing and improving Lands—The *Scots* shall thank you for them; they shall be so far from starving there, that they shall grow rich there; feed themselves, and teach the *Scots* how to live in as good a Posture as their Neighbours— And as I am now talking only in general, I take upon me to tell you, and I speak it to open the Eyes of our People in *England*, as well as to hint it to the *Scots* themselves;

There are in *Scotland*, and that 150 Miles *North* of *Edinburgh*, as well as nearer to *Edinburgh*, whole Counties, vast Tracts of Land for 20 Miles together, as rich, as strong, as fertile, as well water'd, and as capable of Improvement, as the Counties of *Middlesex*, *Hartford*, and *Bedford*, or generally speaking, as any in *England*.

But *Scotland* has been an uninstructed, discourag'd and abus'd Nation; Poverty has grown upon them; Misery begets Sloth, according to an old *English* Proverb, that *bare Walls make giddy Housewives*; and Sloth confirms and binds down that Misery; the Disasters of War, *English* Devastations, the Disasters of their Government, their Courts being remov'd to *England*, and above all, the Disasters of their Constitution, the Want of that Thing call'd Liberty, and the petty Tyranny of the Landlords, these have all kept *Scotland* poor—But take this if you please from me; Rouze but the *Scots* to Industry, by such Encouragements as you both may and ought to give them, they have a Soil able to make them as rich, as plentiful, and as pleasant as your selves. *But of this hereafter.*

As to sending our *Dissenters* away by Hundreds of Thousands, and the like, to *Scotland*——All I shall say to it, is this—— We know the Good-Will of our Party-Friends here to their Brethren the *Dissenters*, and that they would very gladly be rid of them *the shortest way*, or any way——, But have a Care, Gentlemen, how you send them into *Scotland*—For this ugly Sort

of